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PRAIRIE

THE MAGAZINE OF
R.A.F., Moose Jaw,

PUBLISHED BY KIND
PERMISSION OF
GROUP CAPTAIN
C. E. H. JAMES, M.C.



FLYER

No. 32 S. F. T. S.
Sask., Canada

COMMITTEE
CPL. T. B. JONES
LAC. J. MORTON
LAC. G. A. SUMNER
CPL. H. R. PRIESTMAN
LAC. T. S. M. GARD

EDITOR—LAC. E. C. G. COLLINS

VOL. 1

APRIL, 1942

No. 8

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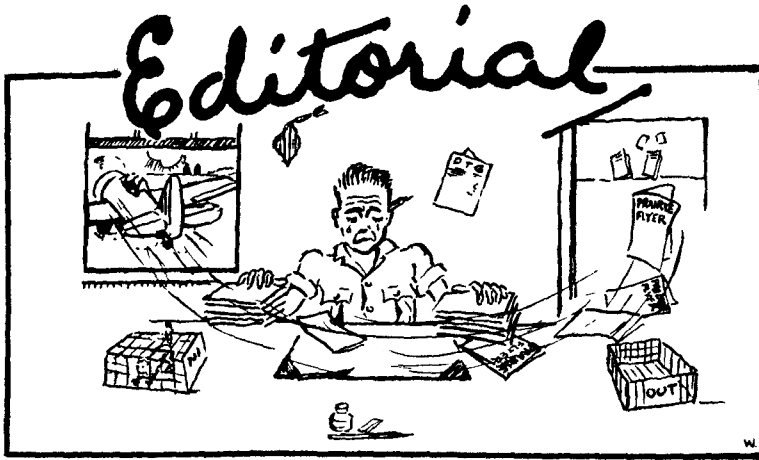
Modern Dance

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THE recently formed Airmen's Welfare Committee held its first meeting on 4th March last, under the chairmanship of the Padre, S/Ldr. D. A. Foster. Members came away with a very favourable impression and the general opinion is that it will undoubtedly prove its usefulness. Points discussed cannot be published in this issue as they are at present *sub judice*.

The committee, which comprises one airman from every hut, two to represent living-out personnel, and one corporal, will meet every fortnight to consider matters pertaining to airmen's well-being generally. Any airman who has a point which he desires to bring before the meeting should contact his (or any) member of the committee.

The formation of this committee is another example to prove that those in authority on this unit are fully aware of their responsibilities in looking after the personnel's welfare, but we should realise that not everything can be done for us—there are many things we can do for ourselves if only we are willing to give up a very small proportion of our leisure time.

Since the station opened much has been done to improve and multiply the amenities on the camp; any who have been here for any length of time will be able, if they care to cast their minds back, to point to the numerous improvements made, from which, everyone of us without exception, has derived some benefit. But, how many have done anything to assist in bringing them about? Very few, I fear. Most of the work has fallen on the shoulders of a small band of willing workers. This is most definitely wrong; if all benefit then all should do their share and not be content with seeing the other fellow do it all.

On another page in this issue an appeal is made for a half dozen handymen who are prepared to give up a few hours of their own time in doing a few odd jobs that require to be done to help improve the camp's amenities. May I appeal to you to see that this request does not go unanswered? It is more than likely that if we prove we are willing to help ourselves, more will be done for us.

E. C.

Words of Wisdom

"Each must make his maximum contribution. There must be no laggards.
Victory is our goal—we must and shall attain it."

Rt. Hon. C. R. Attlee.



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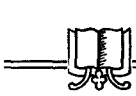
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OPP. C.P.R. DEPOT



THE Padre's PAGE

LIFE—that is what I wrote about last month. And now, this time, we are drawing very near to Passiontide, when, once again, we think of the passion and crucifixion of Jesus. At first sight, it seems that on the Cross life was needlessly flung away. But, when we examine the gospel story more closely, we realize that it was the only way to fuller life. We are reminded of Garibaldi: "Above the upturned faces of the broken-hearted men and women rose the calm set features of Garibaldi, lit up with that serene and simple regard of fortitude and faith which gave him power to lead the feeble multitudes of mortal men. The sonorous thrilling voice was heard almost to the outskirts of the vast crowd, 'I am going out from Rome. I offer neither pay, nor quarters, nor provisions; I offer hunger, thirst, forced marches, battles and death. Let him who loves his country in his heart and not with his lips only, follow me!'" How similar to the words of our Lord, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me, and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me. And he that doth not take his cross and follow after me is not worthy of me." William James has written, "No matter what a man's frailties otherwise may be, if he be willing to risk death and still more if he suffers it heroically in the service he has chosen, the fact consecrates him for ever." Inferior to ourselves in this or that way, if yet we cling to life, and he is able to fling it away like a flower as caring nothing for it, we account him in the deepest way our born superior. Each of us in his own person feels that a high hearted indifference to life would expiate all his shortcomings. In like strain, Winston Churchill has called us all to rally to the fight, as only through hardships, and maybe death, can we attain true life.

Jesus knew that. Jesus realized that a life of unselfishness and service must inevitably lead to the cross, and that only so could He show the true way of life. He died on the cross on the first Good Friday—rather, His body died. His real self, His personality, lived on, as Easter Day assures us, and we have Him, in all His strength, to enable us to live faithfully here in assurance of this fuller life hereafter.

"Draw near, my friends; and let your thoughts be high; great hearts are glad when it is time to give: Life is no life to him that dares not die, and death no death to him that dares to live."

The grain of wheat is planted in the earth, and, in order to produce more life, it must itself die. From something which seems to be dead, life issues forth. We give each other Easter eggs, as a reminder that from the apparently dead egg comes forth a very live chicken. So, in the cross of Christ, we catch, focussed in one vivid moment, the external quality of creative life. This truth is expressed somewhat more simply in one of our hymns—

"Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, which before the Cross I spend: Life and health, and peace possessing from the sinners' dying Friend."

Obedience to the highest and best necessitates unselfishness and service and often means that we are called upon to suffer. That is what Good Friday means, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." So, on the Cross we see love in action, and love does not perish—Easter Day is the final assurance that Life and Love are ultimately stronger than death and hatred. What is more, the resurrection of Christ is no mere historical event. "The disciples did not assert merely that their Master had survived death, but that he had conquered death. They saw in the Resurrection an act of God in the life of Christ which matched at every point the apparent defect which he suffered on the Cross."

"Thou hast conquered in the fight, Thou hast brought us life and light"

So this Easter tide will remind us that Christ, who is Life and Light and Love, is present with us, to strengthen and guide us every day of our lives and to show us what constitutes real life.

DONALD A. FOSTER.

NOTES—Before the next issue, Good Friday and Easter Day (April 3rd and 5th) will have come and gone. Times of Services in the Station Church will be made known in the usual ways nearer the time. Try to spend at least some small part of Good Friday at the foot of the Cross. And we must all try to remember that Easter Day is the greatest festival of the Christian Year. I hope that every communicant will do his utmost to come to Holy Communion on that day.

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a Welcome
at . . .*

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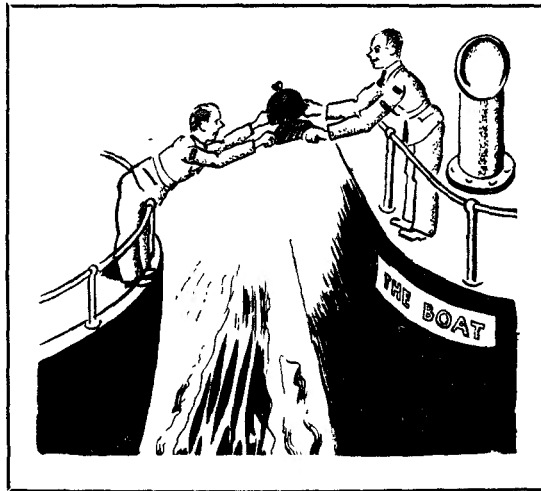
CLIFF ROBB

BOB HINDS

Wanted . . .

Half a dozen men, prepared to give up a few hours of their off duty time, are urgently required to do light carpentry and odd jobs to help improve the amenities of the camp. The work entailed is not hard or heavy, and should prove interesting. Even if you can do no more than bang in a nail or two there is a job for you. Don't leave it to the other fellow this time—write down your number, rank and name on a piece of paper NOW and hand it to P/O A. Carswell, the Sports Officer, or any member of the Sports Committee.

The "Prairie Flyer" has accepted a challenge to find these men—don't let us down, fellows!



"This Position Will Be Held."

(Taken from an English Newspaper)

Aerodrome defence posts throughout the country have received a modern reproduction of a famous last order from the war of 1914-1918. They were the "Special Orders" issued to his section by an Army Section Commander in France, and were found in a pillbox at Passchaendale on its re-occupation by British troops.

Here are the Orders. They were dated March 13, 1918—the time of the German's last and biggest offensive:—

1. *This position will be held, and the Section will remain here until relieved.*
2. *The enemy cannot be allowed to interfere with this programme.*
3. *If the Section cannot remain here alive, it will remain here dead, but in any case it will remain here.*
4. *Should any man through shellshock or such cause attempt to surrender, he will stay here dead.*
5. *Should all guns be blown out the Section will use Mills grenades, and other novelties.*
6. *Finally, the position as stated will be held.*

(Sgd.) J. P. BETHUNE, Lt.,
O.C. No. 1 Section.

(From the *Times-Herald*, 2/3/42)

Read It and Weep

Airmen Lose 20-0
At Swift Current
In Puck Final

Don't Read It and Weep

Dedicated To
The Prairie
Flyers

THE LINEUPS

SWIFT CURRENT INDIANS — Buzinsky; Colfer, Becker; Kjasgaard, Cullings, Devicq, Mikkelson, Cummine, Bak, Miller, Andres, Newton, Metz.

MOOSE JAW R.A.F.—Demers; Bladon, Preston; Cohen, Schumer, Sullivan, Cook, Reid, Marriott, Secret, Diamond

Referee, Norval Wells; linesman, Calvin Pascoe.

SUMMARY

First period—1, Indians, Devicq (Kjasgaard, Culling), 1.43; 2, Indians, Bak (Miller), 9.14; 3, Indians, Kjasgaard (Devicq), 16.27; 4, Indians, Devicq (Kjasgaard), 16.45.

Penalties: Bladon, Cohen, Schumer, Bak, Culling.

Second period—5, Indians, Kjasgaard, 4.40; 6, Indians, Kjasgaard, 8.08; 7, Indians, Devicq (Kjasgaard), 8.32; 8, Indians, Devicq (Kjasgaard), 9.50; 9, Indians, Bak, 11.00; 10, Indians, Miller (Andres), 16.44; 11, Indians, Culling (Devicq), 17.31.

Penalties: Reid, Culling, Kjasgaard, Schumer, Bak and Reid (major, 5 minutes for fisticuffs).

Third period—12, Indians, Devicq (Kjasgaard), 1.33; 13, Indians, Mikkelson (Becker), 2.10; 14, Indians, Miller (Bak), 5.09; 15, Indians, Devicq (Mikkelson), 6.30; 16, Indians, Devicq (Culling, Mikkelson), 7.42; 17, Indians, Metz (Miller), 12.50; 18, Indians, Kjasgaard, 13.31; 19, Indians, Kjasgaard (Culling, Mikkelson), 15.06; 20, Indians, Devicq (Culling, Kjasgaard), 16.05.

No penalties.

Read it and smile,
'Tis worth your while,
We know they lost by a goodly pile,
But still they travelled many a mile.

To claim the headlines was their bounty,
When they ousted the Badger and Mountie,
The Press took note—"Surprise R.A.F. Team",
And "32" began to beam.

They reached the stage for the final tilt,
The question rose would Flyers wilt?
Blood, sweat and toil but never a tear,
They fought, though scalped both front and rear,
Hard 'gainst the flood at Swift Current Rink,
Till the Indians washed them *Down the Sink*.

"CABER".

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DRY CLEANING, PRESSING AND ALTERATIONS

■ Original Short Story

WE had discussed politics, sport, and holidays; spun a yarn or two; and some of us had related peculiar personal experiences. Now there was an awkward lull in the conversation; and we all gazed glumly at our glasses, trying to think of something to interest the others. It was the meek little man who spoke first, but we felt no enthusiasm at the sound of his voice, for all his previous remarks had been in answer to a question or backing up a statement of someone else.

"Talking of experiences, I think I have a teaser for you. I wonder how just each of you would have acted under the circumstances I should like to relate?"

"Sort of, 'Nar then, wot would you do, chums? Send a powstcard to Sid Walker', eh?" asked Jackson.

"Something of the sort," replied the little man. "I had this told to me, and I can tell you, my feelings were very mixed as to the decision which had to be reached."

"Then by all means let's hear it," put in another, "although," he added, looking wistfully at the number of empty glasses on the table, "I can't say I feel very bright at the moment."

The little man carefully lit his pipe and finished his pint before continuing, and I felt it was all part of the act. He sat back, chewing the stem of his pipe, and began:

"This concerns an American soldier in the last war, who came across with the A.E.F. in 1917. He must have been a very quiet individual, for he apparently explored the south of England alone on his leave prior to his departure for France. The story opens in Kent, where we find him sitting in a train, the only other occupant of his compartment being a woman in the far corner. The train rambled from station to station as branch lines do, and the soldier had plenty of time to weigh up his companion with a succession of discreet glances in her direction. He could see she was dressed expensively, but throughout the journey

she wore a veil over her face which made it impossible to study her features. He found it amusing to imagine what she looked like, what were her thoughts and her daily surroundings.

"Seems rather a tame practice to me," laughed one of the party, "why didn't he try to engage her in conversation?"

"You forget," replied the narrator, "that he was of a very retiring disposition. The fact that he was travelling

without a soldier companion proves that. But to continue: The lady eventually alighted at a small country station, and so interested had

he become, that he opened the window and questioned the porter on the platform about her. He learned that she was very rich and lived in a large house in the neighbourhood. Also that she had

a reputation for her kindness, and that she was doing a lot of good amongst wounded soldiers returning from France."

"Didn't the porter think him rather forward, then?" I asked. "Must have been quite a strain for this retiring gentleman to ask questions like that."

"Not a bit like most of the Americans I know," laughed Jackson, "nothing will stop them when they become interested in a girl."

"That, of course, I don't know," said the little man. "I expect his interest was aroused more than usual, which prompted him to do it. However, he returned to his regiment and embarked for France, but the lady must have been in his thoughts most of the time, because he wrote her from the trenches, explaining how he had noticed her in the train, and how the porter had told him all about her."

"There you are," chuckled Jackson, "he's true to type. He'll be proposing to her next."

"That," replied the little man, "is exactly what he did do. She replied to him, and they exchanged letters for some months. They found they had many

• Continued on page 14

A Pig in a Poke

◆ ◆
"Come on," we
chorused, "did he
marry her?" . . .



A vintage advertisement for Pilsner beer. The illustration features a man in a suit holding a bottle of Pilsner beer. Above the bottle, the word "Pilsner" is written in a large, stylized, cursive font. To the right of the bottle, the text "tops in flavor" and "tops in popularity" is written in a cursive script. Below this, a banner reads "TO OUTSELL Pilsner MUST EXCEL". The banner is held by a hand holding a pen. At the bottom, the text "THE REGINA BREWING CO., LTD." is printed.

Pilsner

*tops in flavor
tops in popularity*

TO OUTSELL

Pilsner

MUST EXCEL

THE REGINA BREWING CO., LTD.

BITS and PIECES

DEFINITION—Aeronautical Engineer:

A person who passes as an exacting expert on the basis of being able to turn out with prolific fortitude infinite strings of incomprehensible formulae calculated with micromatic precision from vague assumptions which are based on debatable figures taken from inconclusive experiments carried out with instruments of problematical accuracy by persons of doubtful reliability and questionable mentality for the avowed purpose of annoying and confounding a hopelessly chimerical group of fanatics referred to altogether too frequently as aeroplane designers.

Heard in Moose Jaw

"Come on, give me a kiss like a good girl."

"All right, but if I give you one like a naughty girl, you will like it a lot better."

Mr. Ponsonby says he doesn't like short skirts. They get lipstick all over his shirt front when he dances with them!

PONSONBY PONDERERS

Whether you have noticed that the only way to make the red light change immediately is to start fumbling for a cigarette?

Why the door of opportunity is only too often opened by a "pull"?

And then there was the blonde who was so dumb she thought that flood-lighting had something to do with Ark lamps!

THIS MONTH'S HOWLERS

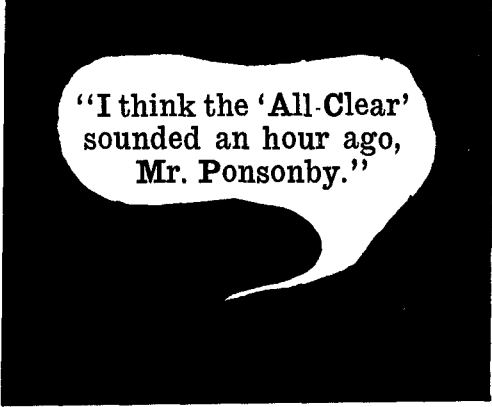
Regalia is the clothes they wear in the House of Lords; it is usually trimmed with vermin.

A vixen is the wife of a vicar.

Sinister: A woman who can't find a husband.

Two sparrows met on a telephone wire in River Park. The one, sleek and perfectly groomed, regarded the other—bloody, battered and disarranged—with horror, and asked, "In heaven's name, what happened to you?"

"Plenty" . . . groaned the mutilated sparrow. "I got up this morning feeling as fit as a jaybird. I ate two delicious worms, then I thought I'd exercise a bit. So I did a couple of short flights, some loops, an Immelmann and a barrel roll. I topped them off with a nice dive — and got mixed up in a



"I think the 'All-Clear' sounded an hour ago, Mr. Ponsonby."

HEARD IN THE BLACKOUT

badminton game!"

Sergeant: "What did you do in civvy life?"

Rookie: "I was an office boy."

Sergeant: "Well, that's fine. You'll know all about making tea for the staff?"

Rookie: "Oh, no! We kept an old sergeant for that job!"

Father: "What d'you mean by bringing my daughter home at five o'clock in the morning?"

Airman: "Well, sir, I've got to be on parade at six!"

A PIG IN A POKE

• Continued from page 11

things in common, and that neither of them was married or engaged, so he wrote and asked her to marry him."

"And she accepted?"

"She did, by return of post."

"Did I understand you to say he hadn't seen her face that night in the railway carriage?" asked Jackson, by now quite interested.

"You did; that's the whole point of the story. He proposed to her, and he hadn't the slightest idea of what she looked like."

"Sounds screwy to me," put in another, "catch me proposing to her without giving her the once-over first."

"You forget," I said slyly, "she was reputedly very rich."

"As I said," went on the little man rather impatiently, "the whole point is that he hadn't seen her face. Well, he went through the war without mishap, and returned to England."

"Sounds like a Clerk-Accounts," someone said.

"Of course he dashed off to Kent the minute he got leave," went on the little man, ignoring the remark. "A maid showed him into the drawing room and he saw her for the first time without her veil."

"I expect she was as ugly as sin," said Jackson, "or maybe she was disfigured."

"Worse than that," replied the little man, "she was black!"

"You mean she was a negress?" I asked incredulously.

"Exactly," he replied.

There was a short pause. Not one of us knew quite what to say.

"The question for you to decide, gentlemen," said the little man, triumphantly, "is, did he marry her, or didn't he?"

Again we were all silent. It was undoubtedly, as he had put it, "a teaser".

"I never was much good at this sort of problem," said Jackson at last. "I give up. Serve him right if he had to go through with it, buying a pig in a poke like that."

"Come on," we chorused, "did he marry her?"

"Since you all seem so anxious," laughed the little man, "I might as well tell you he did."

"Phew!" I said. "Must have had some courage. Of course, she *was* very rich."

"Not the sort of problem I should like to solve for myself," said Jackson.

"But there was no problem," said the little man, quietly. "You see, he was black, too!"

T.S.M.G.

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT US

Man comes into the world without his consent and leaves it against his will. On earth he is misjudged and misunderstood. In infancy he is an angel; in boyhood he is a devil; in manhood he is a fool.

If he has a wife and family he is a chump; if he is a bachelor he is not human. If he enters a public house he is a drunkard; if he stops out he is a miser.

If he is a poor man he has no brains; if he is rich he has had all the luck in the world. If he has brains he is considered smart, but dishonest. If he goes to church he is a hypocrite; if he stays away he is a sinful man. If he gives to charity it is for advertisement; if he does not he is stingy and mean.

When he comes into the world everybody wants to kiss him; before he goes out everybody wants to kick him.

If he dies young there was a great future before him. If he lives to a ripe

old age everybody hopes he has left a will.

LIFE IS A FUNNY PROPOSITION.
—F. J. D.

Some girls smile in the evening,
And some smile at dawn;
But the girl worthwhile
Is the girl who can smile
When her two front teeth are gone.

COME in and meet your friends,
for you are always welcome at the

COFFEE BAR

in the

BUS DEPOT

... Things We Want to Know

Who is the person so persistently perturbed?

What is the name of the airman who wanted to know whether the Time Lag on Harvard aircraft would have to be reset to coincide with Mountain Daylight Saving Time?

Why "Timber" received no Sick Leave on his discharge from Hospital?



Who is the Clerk/G.D. of S.H.Q. who likes the smell of kippers with his beer?

Was it a Strawberry Blonde who covered a Senior N.C.O.'s face with lipstick during a Moonlight Waltz?

Who is the Senior N.C.O. who upon being freed after a month's "confinement" found it necessary to adopt a disguise?

Did "Slapsie's" conscience prick him, or does Regina reap the benefits the Parka outfit provided?

Why is it that a certain Hospital N.C.O. has not taken up skating so as to relieve himself of the tedious task of being Duty N.C.O. while the rest of the staff is away playing Hockey?

Is it true that a certain LAC. thinks he is still selling coal in Station Workshops?

What is the name of the Officer who mistook beetroot for lipstick on his serviette in the Officers' Mess?

If our S.W.O. really thinks we will all be in the Cavalry in a year's time?

If the Junior N.C.O. enjoyed his two hours duty in the Moose Jaw "Jug"?

If it is true that a certain LAC. in Station Sick Quarters has decided to

remain in Canada for the duration, and if so, why?

Did Dr. U. B. Well delve too deeply into "Regina Throat"?

Is the "Honeymooners' Bus" really just the last bus back to camp for Senior N.C.O.'s?

If the "Rooster" crows the same at Reveille as he does at work?

What is the name of the lucky airman who has been left so much money, and how will his many friends spend it?

If silencers are compulsory on offending "Harvards" during "Square Dances"?

Who was the N.C.O. who entered "Embodification on Modification" on the L.14?

Whether the married personnel enjoy pushing trolleys around Groceterias when shopping with, or for, their wives, or are they just getting their hands in?

Why did the S.W.O. act the villain after Moosomin by failing to answer the call from "Poor Little Nell"?

Does Cy put his hair in curlers and a net before retiring for the night?

Who is the Officer from No. 33 who cleans his teeth with Sloan's Liniment?

Has the late Kaiser been superseded by Supersam in the raising of rabbits and hares in Samothrace?

LAMENT FOR SERGEANT DRAKE

My typist has gone on hes holiday,
My tipyst has gohn on a spree,
Mx typish hap gone on hys holiduy,
O gring bacq m8 hypist to me.
Bling bac? oK £ring back,
Oh bynK b4ck my tipisth to mi to mo,
Brung bicq ocsling 8acK,
Oh blynk ba "K mg t½pys tp m%.

And then there is the true story of the Senior N.C.O. Tradesman ("E" Reserve) who, when told by a Rigger that a certain aircraft was flying "Left Wing Low", told him to put more air in the port tyre!

Technical Quiz— ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S QUESTIONS

(Since no replies to last month's questions have been received it came as a shock to the author that satisfactory answers had to be given without the aid of the various authorities on the subject. He hopes that this month's questions will bring him some assistance.)

1. The Pressure Head refers to the device where the impact air pressure, due to the motion of the aircraft, is received and transmitted to the air speed indicator. It is sometimes named Pitot Head after the scientist of that name whose work included that of the effects of air flow. The reason the Pressure Head is mounted on an extension is to ensure there is no interference of the airflow into the orifice due to the air disturbance around the mainplanes. This is also one of the reasons for the nickel plating, since a rough surface in the immediate vicinity of the orifice would have a similar effect.

2. The reason for the abnormal noise from the Harvard is due to the impact of the airscrew blade tips on the air. They travel at a much higher speed than those of other aircraft, and due to the limited rate of transmission of disturbance through the air, an abnormal resistance to the motion of the blade tips is experienced resulting in an audible vibration being set up. The engine was designed without a reduction gear, causing the airscrew to rotate at a much higher speed than usual—2,200 r.p.m. as against a normal average of 1,500 r.p.m. A three-bladed airscrew could be designed to absorb the required power and at the same time be of considerably smaller diameter, thereby reducing the blade tip speeds.

3. The Exhaust Gas Analyser is a device which tests the exhaust gas for carbon monoxide (CO) gas content and records it on an instrument. The CO

content varies with the fuel mixture supplied to the engine, i.e., if mixture weak, burning complete—low CO content; mixture rich, burning incomplete—high CO content. British aircraft have automatic mixture control calibrated to adjust the fuel mixture to correct values for all altitudes. The cylinder head temperature gauge gives an indication of the fuel mixture, e.g., weak mixture, slow burning after initial combustion—high temperature; rich mixture, quick burning after initial combustion—low temperature.

4. Most British aircraft employ two spar beam construction, and the outer sections are joined to the centre sections by bolts at the top and bottom flanges of the spar beam. In the Harvard, neglecting the leading and trailing edge attachments, the whole mainplanes assembly forms a box spar, and to retain its strength at the connection of the outer section to the centre section the two adjoining skin platings must be linked by flanges and bolts. Since the underneath plating of the box spar is in tension when lift is experienced by the mainplanes, a section removed to insert the fuel tanks must be replaced with sufficient screws to restore the strength of the plating in tension. To avoid leaving an open section of the underside of the mainplane box spar to allow the wheels to retract, (thus reducing its strength) the undercarriage is mounted forward to enable the wheels to retract into the leading edge which does not form part of the box spar.

THIS MONTH'S QUESTIONS

1. Why is the Harvard hydraulic system fitted with a "Power" lever? How has this been eliminated on some British aircraft? Alternately, how is it eliminated on some American aircraft, e.g., the Lockheed?
2. Would it be possible to fit a tricycle undercarriage to the Harvard? If so, what disadvantages would be encountered? Would you consider the change to be a practical proposition?
3. How is it that efficient cooling is obtained with Cessna Cranes fitted with a blanking disc across the front of the engine nacelle, leaving only a narrow annular space between it and the cowling? Has this anything to do with the fitting of "cuffs" to the root-ends of the airscrew blades on some of the latest American aircraft?
4. What would be the advantage of fitting a nine-lobe cam on the contact breaker of a Harvard instead of the four-lobe cam now fitted, assuming that magneto speeds were adjusted to suit?

Mi Wurd

Wot a team of hocky players we hav ad to represent 32SFTS this yere. We hav got to and it to em for the way thay prevented the Mounties from riding there high hoarse both at Moose Jaw and Regina, cos wen yew cum to think of it, it must hav bin a bit grewelling to be in the air wun minnit, then arf an our later, to be on the broad of yore back on the ice-rink at Moose Jaw. Thay didn't arf ruffle the fethers of the Injuns from Swift Currant when thay met tribe arfter tribe that trooped owt in forma-shuns of five wen thay played them furst time. Butt, peraps the less I say abowt ow the Injuns didn't smoke no pipe of peace wen ower team was scalped at Swift Currant on the following Saturday the better. In any case we must compliment orl the players on there achievement as their are many teams that wood be proud to hav wurked up to the posishun to be scalped in the Injuns own camp.

Thay tell me their is a Welfair Committee to meat every fortnite for and on beharf of moaning juniour N.C.O.'s and airmen, butt I am led to beleve their are restrictshuns, and no photos of the type of boat, or wot sandwiches yew wood like to be cut to take on the trane will be allowed to be discussed. I hav hurd the first moan is from the Welfair Committee themselves, as thay want to know that if thay are to debate orl the moans revellant, and irrellevant, as evrywun thort thay had, wood thay be allowed to hav weak ends? The reason for this questchun is that the seshun wood go on from won fortnite to anuther like a non-stop cycle race, or an American marathun.

I suppose it will soon be time for the footbawlers to start getting into training.



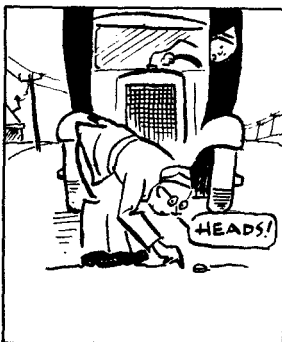
Well, thay tell me as ow ower Stashun Warrant Offiser has started a mussle factory in the stashun Sinema, where yew can get orl the nessesary equipment for making yoreselves strong and helthy without doing it on top of a cowboy brekfast. It is to be oped evrywun wether footbawlers or not will participate in this helth threw joy moovement, as it is notised that a lot of chaps are getting two fat two be comfortable and it will be cheeper than ordering new sewts of blew, wot thay won't get anyway.

By the way, hav yew ad yore tern at operating the moshun picture mashine yet in the stashun sinema, as I hav hurd a roomer that anywun can hav a go, in case at a later date, wen the war is over, the offiser at the Y.M.C.A. may organise a raffle for it, just to give the boys a final "break".

I hope nun of yew will be upset if we hav sossages evry day for qwite a time to cum, as I see we hav anuther secret weppon in the cookhouse. Qwite a number of airmen are wundering that if we hav many more types of meet mangling mashines wether false teeth will hav to be handed back to stores and a defishieny chit received for them.

But, Never Mined, Eh!

HUGH CARES.



"JOE"—BY WALKER



-RISE LIKE A LARK...

Camp

Everyone knows of the work that we do:
First Duty Twitcher, then Duty Crew,
Then Fire Picquet, perhaps Duty Clerk;
How we rise in the morning at six, like a lark.

Yes—all these things you know and pass no comment,
But are you aware how our evenings are spent?
Are you informed of our life in the billet?
There's room on this page, I'll endeavour to fill it.



-PLENTY WITH BUMPS...

Just come with me round the huts for a while,
There's one thing that's certain—you're sure of a smile.
You'll always be sure to find someone in bed
And these days you'll find plenty with bumps on the head.

Look at that fellow writing a letter:
Najinsky the Dancer couldn't do better.
Look at his knees tucked under his chin,
Look at his face, all puckered and thin.



-MURDEROUS LOOKS...

He sits there for hours like a hen on a perch
Till a friendly acquaintance will give a slight lurch
And topple the scribe, his pen and his score,
So he falls with a crash in a heap on the floor.

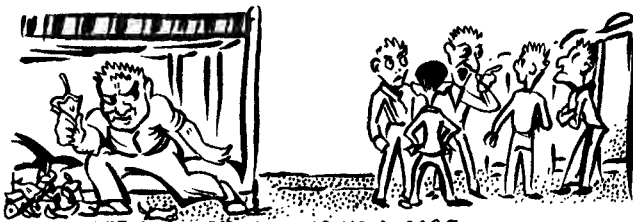
The sleepers awake with a murderous look;
The man with the monocle peers from his book;
The chief apple-eater picks up a core
And throws with true aim, then ducks through the door.

You walk farther up to the end of the room
And there find a Corporal who's "mad" on the broom;
He walks up and down with the broom in his hand,
He'll sweep for a while, then he'll stop and just stand.

And just over there on a far bottom bed
Is one of those chaps with a bump on his head.
He goes to the ice-rink as soon as work's done
And falls over backwards—and says he's had fun.



MAN WITH THE MONOCLE.



- CHIEF APPLE EATER PICKS UP A CORE.....

Capers

That crowd round the table—what's your deduction?
You can bet it's the Ministry of Aircraft Production.
These chaps have a hobby, are enthusiastic,
And are filing for hours at their wood, or their plastic.

Even in this branch they're held up for parts,
So they turn their hands to the making of hearts,
On the face side of which they inscribe the name
Of their nearest and dearest, and latest new "flame".

They would work if they could late at night, with a
candle

And transform to a "Spitfire" a mere toothbrush handle.
So if you've a handle you'd like to bequeath
Send it quick or they'll have no brush for their teeth.

And look over there, the "Maestro" is in,
Hark at the squeaks from his dear violin;
And hark in the drying room, safe from intrusion,
The "Broken-down Cowboy", with guitar, seeks
seclusion.

Come to the next hut, prepare for a shock,
For here is a chap who crows like a cock;
And here is a Corporal who cries like a baby;
And the ex-civvy tailor we all know as "Abie".

"What a nice peaceful billet," a stranger will sigh,
When, without warning the baby will cry,
Which will startle the cock, who will crow with alarm,
And the tailor will stick a long pin in his arm.

And look over there at that chap by himself
Who looks like a "wallflower" or "maid on the shelf".
He's always the same—poor chap doesn't know—
Why doesn't he read that advert—"B.O."

We're a very mixed crowd, with "nobs" and with
"Erbs",

And also a few who've no knowledge of verbs,
Physics, or Latin, and Euclid too,
But whatever you think, they're a jolly fine crew.

J. W. G.



-MAD ON THE BROOM..



-MINISTRY OF A/C PRODUCTION..



-BROKEN DOWN COWBOY....



-CROWS LIKE A COCK



-A JOLLY FINE CREW....

The Case-History of AC. Splodge

PART V.

BOWED down by the sorrows and vicissitudes of his life on General Duties, Splodge began to dream of bettering his lot. It is true that, even after the wheelbarrow episode had brought to the notice of the powers-that-be the fact that he was on the camp, he still did not do very much work; but this was mainly due to his expending on evading it an ingenuity and talent which would have been wasted on the work itself. His chief complaint was not of the amount of work he did; no imaginable situation could ever have made this more negligible; he complained rather of the type of work he was supposed to do. It was undoubtedly various, but a variety of bad things add no more spice to life than one or two; and his duties appeared to him to be alternately boring, loathsome, tiresome, ridiculous, futile, or completely insane.

Wandering on different missions about the hangars and offices, he became aware there were men who had work to do of a definite nature, and who, moreover, were not called upon to do anything else; and contrasting their blissful certainty with his own hazardous and chequered existence, he felt more and more strongly that he too should attain these dizzy heights of distinction and become a tradesman. He had even seen, placed on a wall, a poster exhorting him to join the Air Force and learn a useful trade; he had already complied with the first suggestion, (though it might be said that the position was not so much that he had joined the Air Force, as that the Air Force had joined him!) and saw no reason why he should not carry out the second. The only difficulty was to find the trade congenial to his tastes and fitted to his intellectual capacity.

It immediately becomes obvious just how difficult it was.

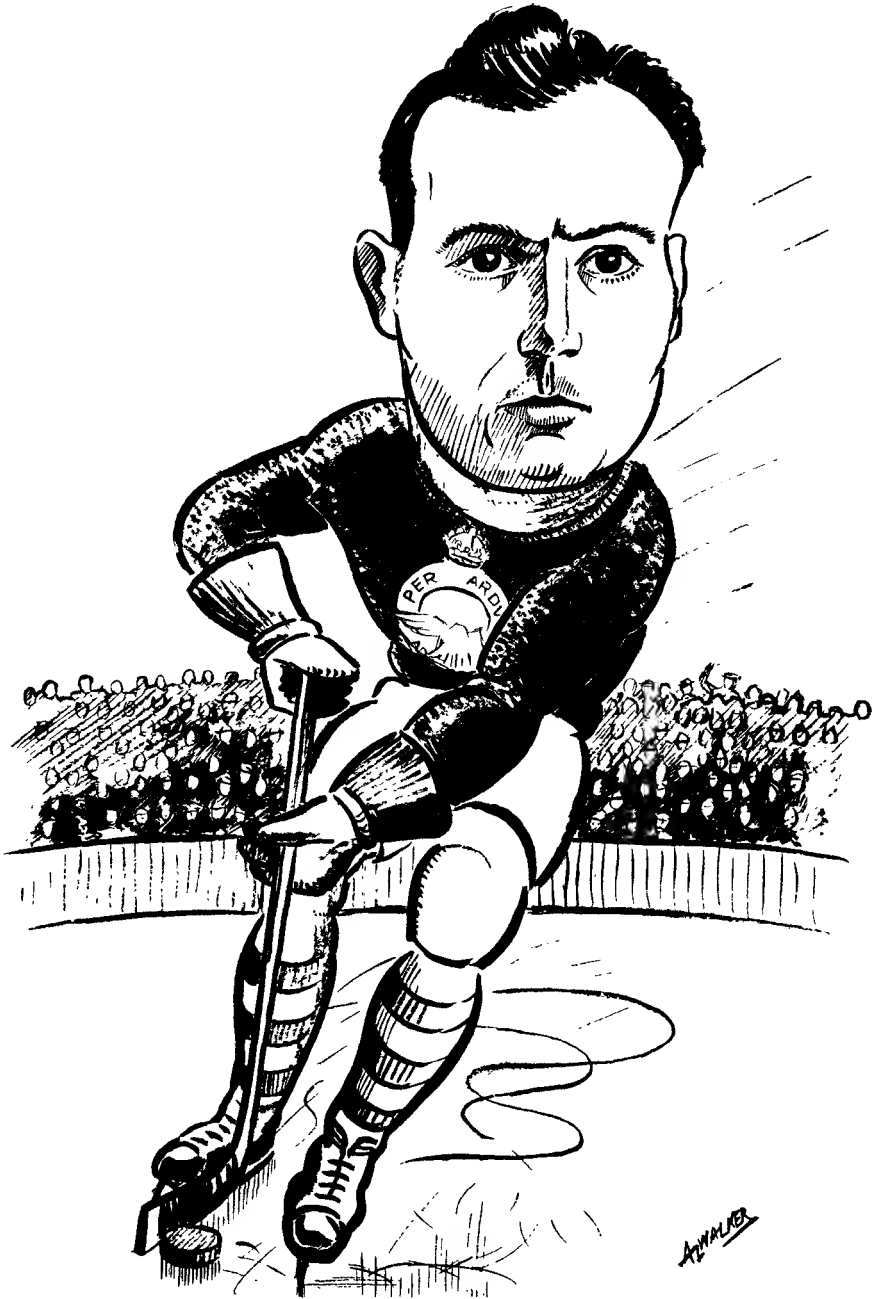
He began to take note of the activities in which he could conceivably share. There were, for instance, the men who looked after the aeroplane engines. They had quite a nice time, so far as he could judge. The mysteries of their art were not readily apparent to the untrained mind, and an unkind critic might have said that they devoted more energy to the consumption of doughnuts and tea than to nursing their engines; but that

could be no discouragement to Theodore. Often he would come upon a group of them gathered, perhaps, around an engine suspended by chains from the hangar roof; their conversation would be animated and colourful, and quite unconnected with aeroplanes; now and again one of them would approach the engine and twiddle a screwdriver with a masterly air, or tap cautiously on a cylinder, or tighten a nut; and then, with every evidence of physical exhaustion, return to his associates and the revivifying effect of a chocolate bar or a bag of peanuts. They had, too, a sort of sixth sense, which, however, deeply they might be engrossed in work, mysteriously informed them of the precise moment of cease work, so that on occasion, one had only to turn one's head away for an instant to find, on looking back, that what had been a hangar full of judiciously restrained activity was now a deserted barn containing no sort of activity at all.

Wireless Operators also seemed very happy. In their case, the sedentary nature of their occupation encouraged the reading of magazines rather than conversation. It was charming to see how lightly they picked their way among the weird profusion of knobs, dials, switches, discs, regulators, indicators, and what-nots, that confronted them. Particularly fascinating were the little coloured lights on the Radio control boards; they reminded Theodore of the old-fashioned Christmases of his boyhood, and, evoking a pleasantly melancholic nostalgia, gave him a sentimental inclination to take up this work, in which he would be constantly surrounded by objects evocative of former happiness. A psycho-analyst of his acquaintance, to whom he confided this, assured him that he had failed to sublimate the desire to be the fairy on the top of the Christmas tree, and this urge, remaining in the depths of his subconscious from his earliest years, was now trying to achieve expression. Nothing, of course, is too stupid for a psycho-analyst to believe; they are so "advanced", that they may be said to have advanced right around the circle and got back to the primitive pipe dreams that oppressed the undeveloped imaginations of our cave-man progenitors.

• Continued on page 22

Potted Personalities—No. 8



LAC. STAN BLADON

THE CASE-HISTORY OF AC. SPLODGE

• *Continued from page 20*

Another occupation that appealed was that of Parachute Packer. One shudders to think of the unfortunate pilot attempting to bale out with a parachute packed by Splodge; but he did, nevertheless, seriously consider mastering the trade. He was attracted to it, not by any practical considerations, but because, looking into the Parachute Section and seeing the silken shapes hanging from the roof, it had occurred to him what fun it would be to swing on them from one to another up and down the room. This ambition disappeared when, happening to pass the place late at night, he peered into the window; the hanging parachutes looked like grey ominous figures of ancient ghosts, and Theodore knew that his delicate nerves would never stand it if he should ever be called upon to go in among them in the dark.

Had there been a trade of chef, he felt that he might very well have applied for it; his artistic temperament, coupled with an inordinate fondness for easy living, should have qualified him; but the trade was known as Cook and Butcher, and the very word "Butcher" was revolting to his fastidious sensibilities. Besides, most of the butchery they perpetrated seemed to be on the cooking.

He considered everything. One day he went to deliver a message to the Meteorological Office; he spent half an hour of the most complete bewilderment, trying to make out what on earth they

were supposed to be doing; it was all very odd. They drew maps, apparently, of the weather, a thing that appeared on the face of it impossible; the maps were covered with queer lines in all sorts of colours, and even queerer symbols in more sorts of colours; presumably it all meant something to somebody. There were strange instruments, any of which he felt might start playing "The Blue Bells of Scotland" at the slightest provocation; there was also a strange staff. He felt a certain sympathy with them, but the whole business that preoccupied their time seemed so complicated and uncertain that he could not seriously think of adding his personal vagaries to an already slightly haywire subject.

The final inspiration came to him like a light in the darkness.

He applied to see the Commanding Officer:

"Sir," he said, "I feel that my energies and talents are being misused, and I wish to remuster."

"It will receive consideration," said the C.O., wearily; "what did you think of doing?"

"Well, sir," piped Theodore, encouraged, "I've considered all the trades available."

"Yes?"

"And I want to remuster."

"Yes, yes, man, to what?"

Theodore paused; and then delivered himself of his brilliant decision:

"Civilian, sir," he answered.

He was in trouble again. —T. M.

The minutes are Captains, the hours of
the day
Are Officers brave, who lead on to the
fray,
So, remember, when tempted to loiter
and dream,
You've an army at hand; your command
is supreme;
And question yourself, as it goes on
review,
Has it helped in the fight with the best
it could do?

—PHILANDER JOHNSON,
"Each Man's Army".

(Selected by Admiral Samuel MacGowan to be distributed to the men under his command during the war of 1914-1918.)

And then there is the story of the three bears: One night Father Bear came home, sat down on his chair and jumped up immediately with a yell—a large nail protruding from the seat was responsible.

A little later Mother Bear came into the room and did exactly the same thing.

But when Baby Bear came in and sat down on the chair without any after effects, Father Bear turned to Mother Bear and said, "It looks as though we're raising one of those Dead-end Kids!"

—★—

Pat: "Indade, and Casey said some noice words in his spache last noight."

Mike: "What did he say?"

Pat: "That the swatest memories in loife were recollections of things forgotten."

Technical Terms Illustrated



"VARIABLE PITCH"

Browsers are welcome here!

MEN and Women alike enjoy shopping here. They know that they can browse around as long as they like and then go away without buying, if they want to. But they also know that they'll get prompt, courteous, experienced service the moment they're ready for it. When you add this to the unusually good values offered here at all times you can readily understand why this store is so popular.

JOYNER'S

LIMITED

A New Show

Flying for Freedom

OVER STATION
CHAB

Sundays at 7:00 p.m.

Sponsored by
SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

APRIL, 1942

Indians on Warpath

Station Hockey Team Loses Score of Scalps

(By Special Correspondent)

Inspired by their triumph over Moosomin Badgers and backed by some playing experience gained in their first two games in the Southern Saskatchewan Intermediate Ice Hockey Play-offs, the Station Team moved on a step by defeating the R.C.M.P., Regina, by 5 goals to 3 in the first leg of the semi-final tie before their own fans in the Arena Rink, Moose Jaw.

In the second game, played on the Mounties' outdoor rink at Regina, the Flyers struggled in the arms of the law and it looked as if the Mountie had got his man once again, but the Flyers made a spirited dash for freedom after being thrice thrown back in the cell by their gaolers. Superior skill enabled them to break prison and they ultimately won clear in a terrific struggle by a score of 6 goals to 5. The airmen bid an honest "Farewell to the Mounties". They fought clear of the law and as free men they prepared for the final struggle against the champion Swift Current Indians, a team credited with a smashing victory over the Senior Yorkton Terriers, and who had given Saskatoon Quakers a close run for a decision.

The Flyers were "On the Spot" and the knowing ones had it that the Indians would win through easily. However, the first performance of the airmen, fighting against the Indians with only nine men, gave rise to serious doubts when the Indians won by the slender margin of one goal. The Flyers had almost "dammed" the Swift Current and might easily have won this—the first of the series played in the Arena Rink, Moose Jaw.

Hockey Guilt Trial

Sports Officer in the Dock

Serious allegations have been made against the Sports Officer at No. 32 S.F.T.S., on the "score" that the rout of the Prairie Flyers at Swift Current was due to wilful neglect on his part.

Rumour is rife. Some say that the team members were reduced to a state of indolence by an excess of sizzling steaks and large cigars, all bought at the expense of the P.S.I. Knowing the Father Confessor to these Public Funds we can scotch this charge as being totally unfounded in fact. Indeed, we are well aware that the team was trained on milk and fairy cakes. Others have it that he devoted too much time to the team's dress and deportment. We did notice that in the final game he had fixed the team "Numbers Up". This surely was a fatal mistake.

Interviewed by our Special Correspondent the accused attributed the downfall of the Flyers to the absence of the Station Band at Swift Current—the suggestion being that, here in Moose Jaw, the Indians were lulled into a state of stupour by the Snake Charmers.

The conflict of duties—that of Sports and Entertainment Officer, also had a large bearing on the team's downfall, as, at the expense of being a good Entertainment Officer, and in fairness to the poor Indians, he purposely omitted to instruct the Flyers' goalkeeper not to hoard pucks even if there is a shortage of rubber.

The accused has been released from the Dog House on parole, to allow him to organise a search party to look for the lost goals. Indications are that he hopes to retrieve these (and his reputation) by turning the Soccer Hounds loose at Swift Current.

• Continued on page 27

32 DEFEATS 33

Splendid New Billiards Room

After many delays and much speculation the Airmen's Billiards Room is now an accomplished fact, and all will agree that it has been well worth the waiting.

Four splendid full size tables are now set up in what was formerly the Airmen's Canteen at the west end of the camp.

Much thought and care has obviously been spent on the plans; the room has been entirely redecorated in cream and green, and presents a very striking appearance. A special feature is the lighting over the tables. The lamps are of the English type, rarely seen in Canada, and have been built by Station Workshops personnel.

The entire cost, with the exception of two considerable items, has been borne by the P.S.I. The two items borne out of public funds involved the work on the floor and the cost of colours for redecorating the walls. We understand that getting approval for these was chiefly responsible for the delay experienced.

It is believed to be the finest Billiards Room on any R.A.F. unit in Canada, and a vote of thanks is due to S/Ldr. Negus, LAC. Lloyd and all the other un-named helpers who have worked so hard to bring the idea to fruition.

At the time of going to press the room has not been opened for play, but this can be expected any time now.

"As We Go . . ."

(Taken from a Vancouver Newspaper)

THE ENEMY

In North Vancouver practices are being held at the public schools, in order to get the children home as quickly as possible in the case of an emergency.

Dodging a collision with a small Japanese schoolboy rushing madly along the

"Quiz" Contest Broadcast

32 Knows All the Answers (Nearly)

"A lobster can swim backwards—true or false?" That was one of the teasers put to S/Ldr. Negus in the "Quiz" contest between a team from this station and one from No. 33 E.F.T.S., Caron. If you did not hear the Squadron Leader's answer we won't put you wise.

The contest, the result of a challenge from No. 33, was broadcast over CHAB at 10 o'clock on Friday night, the 6th March, and the final figures showed us the victors by a score of 160 points to 130.

Listeners found the contest both amusing and instructive, and naturally, this station's supporters were delighted with the result. Our team, composed of S/Ldr. Negus, FO. Boyd, Sgt. Lewis, Cpl. T. B. Jones, LAC. Buglass and LAC. Wenn, just managed to get the edge on their opponents, helped to a great extent by their better knowledge of R.A.F. slang terms. The "Prairie Flyer" feels it can claim some credit for the success because every one of the R.A.F. terms used appeared in the glossary recently published by this magazine.

It is hoped that more of these contests will be arranged in the near future.

Final figures show that a sum of \$605.00 was raised by "Circuits and Bumps" in aid of the "Milk for Britain Fund".

road, a citizen called after him, "Where do you think you're going?" "Got to get home quick," was the reply flung back by the runner, "the b — y Japs are after me!"

APRIL, 1942

Indians on Warpath

• Continued from page 25

Other newspapers commented favourably on the showing of "The Spunky Airmen" and indications were that theirs was the first really serious threat the Indians had experienced for some time. The team of triers had gained many admirers and the public hoped against hope that they might win through. They made their mark, but could they hold it?

When they moved up to the Indians' own "Stamping Ground" for the final thrust, the Swift Current caught them in a torrent. On their own small rink, the Indians had the advantage of knowing every wrinkle on the boards. They played as on a billiard table—potting the puck and snookering to advantage. We could hear the War Drums beat ominously as the Indians closed to attack. It was the Indian Sign. The scalping party, attired in full war paint with tomahawk (C.C.M. brand) in hand, led by their Big Chief, was determined to wipe out the airmen.

At times the rubber flew around the Flyers' camp like a shower of arrow heads, as Chief Sentry DeMers, battered and bruised, sighed for the protection of the Balloon Barrage. The Indians, who outweighed, outnumbered and outplayed the Flyers, were truly on the warpath and they collected a score of scalps before the struggle ended.

Despite their crushing defeat the Flyers had fought valiantly. Theirs was a spirited and willing team of triers. The chief weakness lay in lack of reserve power, but despite all this they brightened up the competition by colorful and honest - to - goodness hockey, in which they were ably captained by Stan Bladon, to surprise not a few.

Theirs is the spirit which never says die. They helped to put "32" on the map and they surely will help to put the Axis Countries off the map.

The Service Flying Training School at "32" still makes pilots, and between times they will continue to "Play the Game", "Anywhere, Anytime" and "Everywhere, All the Time".

"Butch" Meets Death

"Butch," the Camp mascot, has gone to his Happy Hunting Ground—to the land where lamp-posts and trees abound, where bones are there for the gnawing, and where fire tenders roll around at demand.

Wing Commander "Butch" died on Active Service, but then he was always in action as far as the fire tender was concerned. For a considerable time before his death his fondness for the fire tender caused alarm to his friends, and a scheme was afoot to discourage this trait in his character by camouflaging the vehicle with a coat of blue-grey paint, a few brass buttons, a buckle, and a couple of Royal Coat-of-arms. He died before this idea could materialise.

"Butch" was given to the Camp by Mr. J. Towers of Moose Jaw and was let loose within these confines in August, 1941. Since that date until his untimely death beneath the wheels of the fire tender, he was very much in evidence—everywhere. The Camp motto was his motto. Not exactly handsome of countenance, he was a hefty animal, and was in no few scrapes, from which he always emerged best—second best! Unhappily, he was allergic to Parades, not that we blamed him, and frantic charges among and through the ranks, or soul-stirring yowls were not infrequent in the Drill Hall.

But his weakness for fire tenders was fatal and on February 18, 1942, Bulldog "Butch" met his end. His next-of-kin, at Caron, was notified immediately.

The kennel is vacant—"Oh! for the touch of a vanished paw and the sound of a bark that is still."

(EDITOR'S NOTE: For certain reasons we have left out details of the funeral.)

Contributor (in letter to Editor): "I am a speedy worker. I finished the enclosed article in an hour and thought nothing of it."

Editor (reply): "I got through your article in a fraction of that time and thought just the same."

Entertainment

"A Valentine's a greeting card, Vendetta is a feud hard, Venus and Jupiter got to grips, she had no arms, but Boy! What Hips!"

Venus isn't the only one with graceful lines, and as this is the age of aviation it was a fitting sight to see the airmen with their "streamlined models" weaving around the ballroom at the Valentine Vendetta Dance held in the Station Cinema on February 18, 1942, to the strains of our own Dance Orchestra—and was the Band "hot"?

The rhyming competition was won by Miss D. King of Moose Jaw, who provided the last line for the Valentine Vendetta. The victorious male rhymster was LAC. H. Fullerton.

Another farcical novelty was the Balloon and Bubble contest in which the ladies had choice of partners. During the dance a shower of multicolored balloons were released from the ceiling. Certain colours were vulnerable and the holders of these entered the next stage of the elimination. The finalists, Miss Ruby Arrowsmith of Moose Jaw and LAC. Sexty, proved themselves very talented as love poets. On the stage, over the "Mike"—

Airman:

"My dearest, sweetest prairie flower,
This is the night and this the hour;
I've simply got to shoot a line
To win this ruddy Valentine."

Miss Arrowsmith:

"My gallant partner, I'll sure try.
I'd love to kiss you but I'm shy;
This is the hour, the Knight of nights,
Would someone please put out the lights."

... and out went the lights. Where was Sexty when the lights went out? We heard them and then—Bump! But no, they were still on the set!

Mrs. James, wife of our Commanding Officer, presented the prizes. The ladies each received a heart-shaped box of Valentine chocolates, and the gents, something dear to their hearts—cigarettes.

S/Ldr. Foster and Mrs. Foster (who was making her maiden trip at the Station Dance) really tripped the light

fantastic toe when they gave a demonstration of the St. Bernard's Waltz, which proved very popular. At the next Station Dance, which will be a March Medley Night, to be held March 18, 1942, further dance numbers will be introduced.

The Dance Orchestra were on the "air" from CHAB with vocal hits from "Circuits and Bumps", at a show for children in the Royal Theatre, Moose Jaw, on 28th February. F/O Dobree-Bell, the popular producer, held sway as compère. "Quiz for kiddies," balloon blowing and apple-eating contests gave the little ones heaps of fun. The proceeds are earmarked for the "Save the Children Fund".

The Ukrainian folks have kindly offered to put on a free show which they are running for charity. We hope to have them with us early in April. Singing in English and Russian with Cossack Dances promises to be a real winner from our Allies in which we will enjoy the fruits.

The concert by the War Services Auxiliary, fixed for February 26, 1942, was postponed in view of the hockey final with Swift Current Indians, but a further booking will be arranged.

Gramophone recitals are booming these days. Mr. Wickens and F/Lt. Shead are each providing good musical entertainment for the Station which is greatly appreciated.

We are to have more gems from the library of Mr. Wickens on March 25th at 19.30 hours. This time we travel back to catch the songs of yesteryear. Fashion in songs, like the world of today, is ever changing, but when we hear yesterday's pleasures it will make us wonder why we don't have more of these Old Time Choruses, Musical Medleys and Switches. Such numbers as "If you were the only girl in the world", "Oh! You Beautiful Doll", "Alexander's Ragtime Band" "Two Lovely Black Eyes", "Let's All Sing the Barmaid's Song" ... but "It's Time Gentlemen, Please!"

There's a barrel full of this Old Time Music, hale stuff, set aside by Mr. Wickens specially for the troops at "32". We wouldn't like to miss this treat. Would you?

• SECTION NEWS

No. 3 Group Hangar Sweepings

Once again the personnel of this group bid welcome to a new "Chiefy." He is new to us, but has long been i/c "Tin-bashers" and Carpenters on the unit. At the same time our best wishes go out to P/O Parsons at his new station by the "briny." Does the strain and hard work entailed in keeping this group in the lead fit our senior N.C.O's for the arduous tasks of an Engineer Officer, because to date we have seen two former Flight Sergeants commissioned in that position?

"Hangar Flying Hours" are still high, but, with our serviceability ever at the peak point we must expect programme "kites" always to be hemmed in at the back of the hangar by serviceable aircraft!

For a long time we have been hinting that several of our past and present members were rapidly heading for Weyburn, and at long last some of them are on the way. We shall miss star-footballer Jones and "Char-wallah" Callow. The first has gone to the S.F.T.S. at Weyburn and the last-named to Swift Current.

Our Flight Hockey Team still takes all before it. Twice we have whacked the "Sparks" team, and the "Sickery" have been saved from defeat on two occasions by the weather interfering with the surface of the rink. The two "Titches" are worth watching and should merit inclusion in the station team when the Canucks give it back to the R.A.F.

The champion Millers fan has cultivated a wee moustache. We trust he will

not become disheartened with its slow response to treatment, and "pull them out." Rumour hath it that he is on the wagon and saving up for another fishing holiday this year.

Recent crew room discussions overheard in the "office" include that old, old one about the piston changing its motion from up to down. One of the "gen" lads, to prove his theory, cited the also old, old one about the fly and the train meeting head on, saying that before the train could push the fly from one direction to the reverse direction the fly must stop, and that before the fly could stop the train would have to stop also. But who was the wise lad who, some twenty minutes later, came out with: "Say, Corp, I still can't see how

that train stops"? ("Pukka gen"!)

The discussion on Rocket Ships still continues, we believe.

The crew room Darts champion still seems to be Wally. With one eye on his "kite" outside and one on the board, he throws a nifty Double-20. Dart board and arrows seem very much the worse for wear. Could this game be classed as a sport, and if so, could the P.S.I. be persuaded to renew both board and arrows?

Several of the "erks" are eagerly awaiting the results of their applications and examinations for Air Crew. We wish them luck and hope soon to hear that they will be commencing training, thereby bringing us nearer to that pint of draught Bass or Worthington.

—H.



"I think we should have skinned it first!"

Corporal: "Ten erks have broken out?"

Sarge: "Blimey!—have you told the S.W.O.?"

Corp.: "No, only the M.O!"

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• SECTION NEWS

+ Life in the SICKERY

On the morning Sick parade, 16/2/42, all was quiet; clients were wondering what had gone wrong, but on investigation it was discovered that Sergeant E. W. Wood was himself a patient in the Sickery. Matron Barlow was amazed to find that this was true, and immediately appeared with the Mist. Expect. and Throat Paint. Mind you, this did not last long, for on 21/2/42 Sergeant Wood kindly discharged himself and proceeded to the Sergeant's Mess Juggero to make up for lost time.

We cannot understand why "Brummy" doesn't visit us and be tested for a new pair of "blinkers"; perhaps he does not want to write a statement of the circumstances attending the breakage thereof, but we can assure him that "Mum's the word" as far as we are concerned.

If Lofty Smith doesn't watch his step he is going to be in Dock with some terrible complaint as the result of consuming huge quantities of green and yellow liquids in the Mess. Oh! and by the way, who was the tall "thin" lady who was his partner at a recent dance? It didn't take Charlie long to learn of his capers anyway.

"Doc" Carr is leaving us to take up an appointment as "Goalie" to the Moose Jaw Millers for next season—this is absolutely official.

We hope it is now clear to a certain LAC. that a Whittaker Splint is not made of Rubber.

As it is now the custom to bring your breakfast on the Sick Parade, we are seriously considering opening a dining room in the Sickery in order to cope with this new idea.

Our Dave (no connection with Journey's End, though we hope he reaches it one day), has been taken over by one of the largest firms in the country as a Mobile Fly Catcher; he is believed to hold the record for this important work throughout the whole of the R.A.F. Medical Service.

Why is Wardle always stroking the top of his "napper"? Does he really believe that a miracle will happen and hair will grow there one day?

How many letters does Joe receive in one week, including all the local ones too?

Mother Grimbury appeared at our front door one day last week brandishing her gamp in a very business-like manner. We thought we were in for a rough time, but eventually discovered that she was not at the Hospital to pour wrath on our heads, but to make enquiries for a certain "Mr. Ferguson" (?) whose presence was urgently required in Regina. However, we were unable to help her as he had left our tender care and we had to send the good lady away disappointed.

Jack is going to sign a 664b very shortly; he has swallowed five throat paint brushes in the last week—rather a sweeping statement, but it's true.

Now here's a little poem in answer to the one by our esteemed "Lumbago" client:

My dear LAC. it is quite plain to see.
You think a great deal of the Sickery—and me.
Your description of Dock is as sound as a rock;
After reading your poem, to us they all flock.

They come with sore throats, and the croaker he gloats.

As he puts them to bed and over them dotes;
They retort with all manner of illness and pain,
But a touch of the Sun Lamp and they're well again.

Vomiting is popular now on the Camp.
And it will not even succumb to the Lamp.
A source of "Light Duty", "Excused Duty" too,
It's a marvel it ain't been acquired by you.

But perhaps your Rheumatics still suit you the best.

It's time you came back for another month's rest.
Or was it lumbago you suffered from when
You hid under the sheets at the hour of ten?

Never mind, LAC., you can take it from me,
Our hotel is still open and always will be.
Wherever your pain, come and see us again.
And you'll certainly get no cause to complain.

Like a Father I'll guide you,
When the Doc. comes, I'll hide you.
And never deride you,
My DEAR LAC.

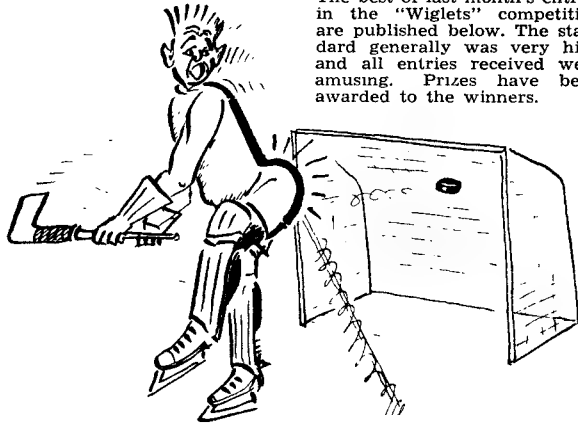
Now here's a little song composed by one of our patients. It is set to the tune of "There's a Home for Little Children":

There's a little man called Ernie,
A twinkle in his eye,
He's a very happy creature. we often wonder why;
Perhaps it's Mrs. Ernest who fills him full of glee,
Perhaps 'twas t' dance at Caron,
But we must wait and see.

And so for the present we leave you.



Mrs. Doreen Williams
1076 Alder Ave,
Moose Jaw



"WIGLETS" WINNERS

The best of last month's entries in the "Wiglets" competition are published below. The standard generally was very high and all entries received were amusing. Prizes have been awarded to the winners.

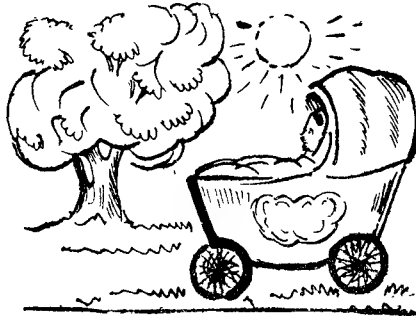
1153110 LAC. W. Harris 41 S.F.T.S., R.A.F., Weyburn

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THIS MONTH'S WIGLET

And here is "WIGLET" No. 3. See what you can do with it. Entries should reach the Editor before March 31, 1942. The best will be published in next month's issue. Preference will be given to the most original entries in the space allowed.



SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD No. 7

T	R	E	N	D		T	E	P	E	E
R		B	O	E	R		G	O	L	F
A	L	O	N	E		G	R	I	F	F
D	I	N	E	R		E	E	N		E
E	L	Y				F	A	T	T	E
D			S	L	U	R	S			V
B	O	A	T	E	R			W	E	E
L		F	R	O		P	E	A	L	S
O	N	I	O	N		A	T	T	I	C
W	O	R	K		M	I	N	E		E
S	W	E	E	T		L	A	R	K	S

The prize of \$1.00 for the first correct solution opened has been awarded to:

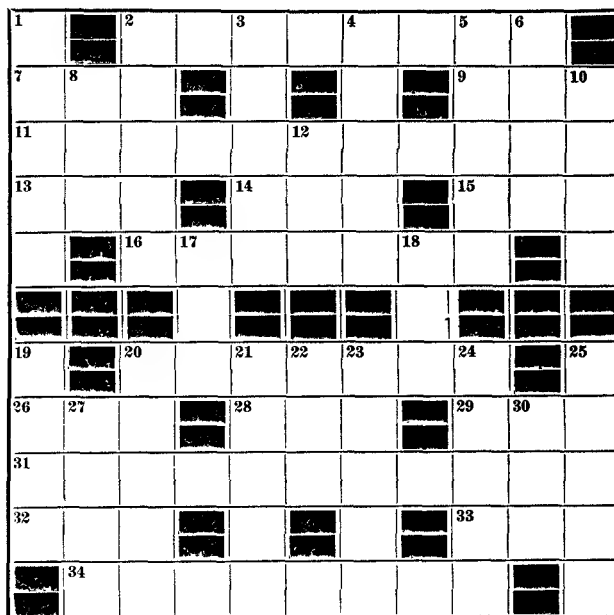
999599 LAC. JOHNSON, J.
S.H.Q. Orderly Room,
No. 33 S.F.T.S., R.A.F.
Carberry, Man.

Crossword Competition No. 8

The Editor offers a prize of \$1.00 to the sender of the first correct solution opened. Send your entry to arrive before 31st of March, 1942, to

"The Prairie Flyer,"
No. 32 S.F.T.S.
Moose Jaw

marking the envelope "X-word."



Clues Across

2. Ribbon.
7. This man delivers lumps of this.
9. Part of the body.
11. "Race Arguing" (anagram).
13. Half a bray.
14. This ten hurry.
15. Mild this girl's name.
16. Gardening implements.
20. Without these there would not be a race.
26. Hostelry.
28. Also this would be one of the 20 across, although not successful.
29. Part of dress.
31. An airman who needed all these would surely be violent (2 words).
32. Bird mixed up in the beginning of 11 across.
33. Request.
34. "Car wires" (anagram).
5. Draws nigh.
6. Curtail this pledge and prevent speech.
8. There's more than one in our new Billiards Room.
10. Russians.
12. Part of 24 down.
17. This way for aircraft.
18. Shelter.
19. See 1 down.
20. Boredom.
21. Lock.
22. Ethiopian title.
23. Bring upon oneself.
24. The last one proverbially broke the beast of burden's spine.
25. Sit at these.
27. Girl's name.
30. Possessive.

Clues Down

1. This 19 down is sometimes reported as low.
2. Palindrome.
3. One of the U.S.A.
4. All Service Pilots must have a knowledge of this.

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Sports CHATTER . . .

(By "Caber")

Our lads have gone into ice hockey like flies around a pot of jam and "Fly Men" as they are, some of them got jam—others were jammed. They can take it and they like it. Their performances on the whole are very creditable for a bunch of lads, some of whom have only donned skates since coming to Canada.

The case history of the Station team on "Circuit" and their "Bumps" in the Southern Saskatchewan Intermediate Play-offs are recorded elsewhere. Suffice to say in passing, that "They died with their blades on" and these same blades cut some ice before the Flyers fell through the hole, even if it was a big one.

The competition provided grand social outings, apart from the recreation and interest. We have already dealt with the Moosomin trip, but our records would be incomplete without some reference to the Mounties and the Indians. The



visit to the barracks at Regina is one worth recalling. We were treated with true Canadian hospitality. The freedom of their superb swimming pool and subsequent entertainment was tip top. The Mounties didn't get their man but they gained his admiration and respect. We will freely surrender ourselves to them at a later date when we take a chance of playing them at water polo in the barracks. Can you blame us if we appear fatalistic when the subject of water arises—didn't the Swift Current drown us? Yes—but not before we had our fun!

To the Mounties and the Indians we say "Thanks for everything", aye, even to the testing time you Indians gave our goalkeeper. DeMers the Dandy never Demurred, but when he crawled off after the game, he was heard to sigh "Oh, bed! Oh, bed! delicious bed, that Heaven on Earth". He has to stand no end of leg pulling now, but let him take heart, the Wetaskiwin Juniors were

beaten 31-5 by Valley Miners in the Alberta Junior "B" Hockey Championship.

An all-English team, and not one of them above the rank of LAC., put up a spirited fight against the Caronites in the Arena Rink. The Canadian "Puck Pushers" included in the opposition proved too good around the nets for our lads, who were unfortunate to lose the services of their useful centre-ice man, LAC. Hale. He received a bad wound on the forehead which forced him to retire early in the game. It was a good clean sporting contest which "33" won by 4 goals to 2. We don't think it would be unfair to say that the game was not a real test involving the best from both stations. Once the Caronites get going we would like to meet them in a "Face-off" again.

Our Airmen's team gained second place in the Moose Jaw Commercial Ice Hockey League. We have confidence



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Sports Chatter

• Continued

in nominating them as winners of the play-offs which will be on shortly.

That we can't cross this Swift Current is very patent. Our Officers tried hard in their game against 39 S.F.T.S. (Swift Current) at the Arena Rink. They even ebbed out the time in the hope that they could catch up on the tide of arrears, but it was too strong for them. Time up for the final period came and passed unnoticed. The timekeeper had made off without tolling the curfew and the teams battled on until turned off the rink.

We have another form of recreation for the ever-widening "pool" of pastimes. The cueists are anxiously awaiting the official opening of the Billiards Saloon. Take note, you experts, it is said that a good billiards player is the sign of an ill-spent youth.

With such facilities for Ice Hockey, Basketball, Tennis, Badminton, Soccer, Table Tennis and now Billiards, we should never be "snookered" for recreation. There are also indications that we may even squeeze a Squash Court in somewhere.

The S.W.O. is to be complimented for "boxing off" a corner in the Station Cinema for the training of the noble art. Many people are taking advantage of the improved facilities and we hope to see some champions emerge. The Y.M.C.A. in town are putting on a contest and we have been invited to furnish a bout, also an opponent to meet their heavyweight nominee. We have some heavyweights, but have we the boxer? If so, let him step into the ring on March 18th at the "Y".

Spring is round the corner, and I hear the soccer fans say that soccer is running with her. All right, let's prepare for a bumper season. We should be able to do things with so much competition on our doorstep, and then we can "Go Places".

Here's a chance for you to display those trophies won for sport. Wouldn't it brighten up your visit to the "Y" Canteen if you could swagger in and steal a glance at that cup bearing your name. A special trophy display cabinet has been installed for this purpose, where the cups won by teams and individuals are to be on show. If you have a trophy for inclusion contact the Sports Officer. There is no use shooting the line about the silver you have won unless you can produce the swag. In addition, we hope



to secure a shield or plaque on which victories can be recorded.

Our Basketball is going strong, too strong sometimes. With cups at stake for the winners of the Knock-Out Competition, the lads are straining themselves every ounce to "Hold the Floor". The balls and baskets are giving way with the continual poundings.

Repairs, Penpushers, Accounts and Linky Dinks go into the draw for the semi-final. Miscellaneous, the winners of the league, have fallen by the wayside, but that's all for the good of the game. We want to see the honours divided.

Let's keep the merry-go-round on the whirl, for the glorious zest of uncertainty is the very elixir of sport.

Moose Jaw Commercial Ice Hockey League

"B" DIVISION

(FINAL STANDINGS)

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals		Points
					For	Against	
JOHNSTONE DAIRIES	10	9	1	0	49	16	19
AIRMEN	10	7	1	2	58	34	15
GRANT HALL	10	5	0	5	26	32	10
SCOTTYS SCOOTERS	10	4	1	5	22	30	9
*SERGEANTS	10	2	1	7	18	17	5
*OFFICERS	10	1	0	9	14	62	2

*SERGEANTS defaulted five games and the OFFICERS two, and points were awarded to their opponents.

Moose Jaw Times-Herald

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SPORTS

WORLD NEWS
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MOOSE JAW . . . SASK.

A Negro was charged with theft. His solicitor decided to put him in the witness-box. The magistrate, being doubtful if he understood the nature of an oath, decided to examine him on the point.

"Jacky," he said, "you know what will happen to you if you tell a lie?"

"Yes, sir, boss," replied Jacky, "Ah goes down below—burn long time."

"Quite right," replied the magistrate. "And do you know what will happen if you tell the truth?"

"Yes, boss; we lose 'em case."

Heard at a seaside resort in England:

"Want a boat, sir?"

"Sorry. I have nowhere to keep it."

Do you know the story of the Home Guard charged with manslaughter until it was found that the man he shot was a German spy? Asked how he knew the man was a spy, he said, "By instinct." Pressed for explanation, he said the man answered "Friend" to his challenge. "And do you shoot any man who answers 'Friend'?" asked the judge. "Sure," said the H.G., "everybody I know says 'Aw nerts!'"

—Argosy, December '41.

S.W.O. (to troops on parade): The A.O.C. will inspect you next Wednesday—in the afternoon if it is wet in the morning, and in the morning if it is wet in the afternoon."

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★ ★

Chrissie the "Quiz" Champ writes:—Can you advise me which of the three suggested replies would be the correct answer to the question "From where was 'Singapore' taken?"

- (i) The "Swan Song" by Chopin;
- (ii) The second round of "The Last Round Up" by Galli Curci;
- (iii) Nipponese folk lore.

Well, Chrissie, as it appears, you put rather an unusual construction upon the question, I should answer as follows:

"Singapore" was taken from the "Unfinished Symphony" music by B & A Scrapin-Terests—words to be inserted later by Vladi-Vostok.

★ ★

Unhappy or Just a Stubble-Hopper writes:—I have received a telegram from the Military authorities about my husband; it reads:

S.I. IN BED WITH PERITONITIS, STOP. PROGRESSING SATISFACTORY, STOP.

Before he joined the army my husband's fondness for other women was only exceeded by his fondness for alcohol, and in this instance he is flaunting his conquests in my face. Can I use this telegram as evidence in Divorce proceedings or would I be considered unpatriotic?

Lady—I could say "Honi soit qui mal y pense", yet you would probably think I was asking for money, so my advice is let sleeping men lie. Don't sue for a

divorce, you might quite easily be getting a pension.

★ ★

Olive from Old Wives writes:—The doctor tells me I am suffering from Acute Coryza. Can you tell me what it is and how to cure it?

It is usually caused by the streptococcus, staphylococcus, or pneumococcus getting tangled up or confused with the nasopharynx, but does not present any diagnostic difficulty. The following is recommended: Don't travel in closed spaces, street cars, automobiles or umbrellas, preserve an erect posture, drink about twelve glasses of milk a day and sleep without a pillow, stay away from dust, walk about ten to twenty miles a day, cut out alcohol, tobacco, tea and coffee, eat the stones from stewed prunes, and serve dinner in a quiet room about 18.30 hours every other day. . . . Oh! and by the way, "Acute Coryza" is sometimes called a cold.

★ ★

Miss Freda Flaherty, Flin Flon, writes:—I am 63 years of age, and am about to marry for the first time. My prospective husband is an *aileron* by birth and of *dependant* means, and he is slightly younger. As the wedding will take place in church, do I need somebody to give me away or can this ruling be waived?

The question of your prospective husband's age may have some bearing on the giving away side of the ceremony; however, a practical demonstration in the nature of a substantial gift to the church building fund would probably be accepted in lieu. Failing this, suggest you get in touch with the makers of "Palm Olive", "Cue" or other similar advertisers and arrange to be given away on one of their evening programmes.

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Y.M.C.A. Anniversary

The first of March, 1942, marked the beginning of the second year for the Y.M.C.A. at No. 32 S.F.T.S. It was at the request of the U.K. Air Liaison Mission that the first step in this direction was taken. Armed with two days' notice the Y.M.C.A. took over the canteen service from the R.A.F. War Service program activities were begun at once, and the furnishing of the Airmen's Reading and Writing Room undertaken.

At first canteen sales were made in the small and large canteen buildings; later a mobile unit was acquired through the P.S.I. and daily service to personnel in all hangars was instituted. From the beginning this latter service proved successful, while today it is regarded as one of the established features of our canteen operation. A further change was made when the Supper Bar was opened. This building provided for increased canteen services, being more adequate and commodious than the former buildings. In this new building during the month of February a supper service was begun and is proceeding with increasing success.

In glancing back over the activities of the past year a few figures appear interesting. In reading figures of yearly activities only the briefest are tolerated,

and realising this, I will set forth the most interesting for your consideration:

Physical activities saw a total of 7,383 taking part (it should be noted that this figure takes into consideration all athletic games on the camp). Turning to social and recreational activities covering non-athletic games, motion pictures, dances and musical renderings, some 115,648 took part or were entertained. Educational figures show that at present 106 airmen are registered with the Canadian Legion and local classes. An average of 40 airmen attend Holy Communion in the Station Church every Sunday, and 60 are present at Church parade. Personal services rendered, and users of the Reading and Writing Room, totalled 81,117 for the year. Airmen on the Station used 45,000 envelopes and 89,000 sheets of writing paper—this would indicate that airmen had written on Y.M.C.A. paper alone some 45,000 letters to their homes or their friends. 4,949 used magazines were provided for airmen's use. Y.M.C.A. movies entertained about 40,000 men during the year. (The figures on Church attendances and athletic sports have been provided in part by the Station Chaplain and the Sports Officer, respectively.)

ERIC WALLING,
Y.M.C.A. Supervisor.

Y.M.C.A. FILM SCHEDULE

Sunday, March 15th—"WAGONS ROLL AT NIGHT," starring Sylvia Sydney and Humphrey Bogart.
 Tuesday, March 17th—"STREETS OF NEW YORK," starring Jackie Cooper and Martin Spellman.
 Friday, March 20th—"IN OLD CHICAGO," starring Alice Faye, Don Ameche and Tyrone Power.
 Sunday, March 22nd—"SOUTH OF SUEZ," starring Brenda Marshall and George Brent.
 Tuesday, March 24th—"SANDY GETS HER MAN."
 Friday, March 27th—"EVERYTHING HAPPENS AT NIGHT," starring Sonja Henie and Ray Milland.
 Sunday, March 29th—"TUGBOAT ANNIE SAILS AGAIN," starring Marjorie Rambeau and Jane Wyman.
 Tuesday, March 31st—"TORPEDO RAIDER," starring Betty Balfour, John Mills and Barry MacKay.
 Friday, April 3rd—"JOHNNY APOLLO," starring Tyrone Power, Edward Arnold and Dorothy Lamour.
 Sunday, April 5th—"STRAWBERRY BLONDE," starring James Cagney and Rita Hayworth.
 Tuesday, April 7th—"TROPIC FURY," starring Richard Arlen, Andy Devine and Beverly Roberts.
 Friday, April 10th—"SUBMARINE PATROL," starring Richard Green and Nancy Kelly.
 Sunday, April 12th—"SINGAPORE WOMAN," starring Brenda Marshall and David Bruce.
 Tuesday, April 14th—"MAN MADE MONSTER."
